

ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS

ALL AS ONE

ONE AS ALL

Other books published by AstroJay90

Fragments : Pieces Of A Broken Mind

Foundations : The Road To Recovery

Surreal Landscape (Coming Soon)

Berf Of AstroJay90

The Cosmic Beach

Twenty-Three

Foreword

When we unravel the true essence of what we are
we unravel the true essence of everything.

When we surpass the boundary of what we think
we are possible of, we can achieve what we once
thought was impossible.

All that lives possesses the ability to adapt to the
environment and ultimately alter the environment.

All is one and one is all.

Jason Ridpath

(AstroJay90//NFTJay90)

All exists through the vehicle of one.
One exists through the vehicle of all.
Many makes the one and the one makes the many.

No matter if we look in.
No matter if we look out.
Even if we cease to look.
The truth remains evident.
All is one and one is all.

The process of life remembers the process of death.
The process of death remembers the process of life.
The process remembers, it's only form that forgets.

Our collective amnesia.
Our personal amnesia.
Temporary.
Relative.
Fading with each breath.

The internal influences the external.

The external influences the internal.

Two points that exist as the same transaction.

Different not divided.
Two remembering one.
A tool.
A concept.
A mechanism.
Words assembling.

Language fails to truly grasp this experience.
We often cling and then we suffocate the point.
Replaying the experience over and over, and over
again.
Eventually, the playback device breaks.
Isolated by the indulgence of a memory.
Broken by a false narrative.
Fragments remain.
Some are meant to decay.
Some are meant to help us on our way.
Some are meant to come back at a later date
To see, if we've really learned the lesson.
If not, the wheel spins again.

Safely seated in form.

Knowing all is one and one is all.

Currently, waking life exists as one temporary form.

That one form comes from a lineage of oneness,
traceable all the way to the source.

All the way back to the Divine Womb.

All the way back to the Cosmic Egg.

However we choose to symbolise these thoughts.

However we label them, laude them or loathe them.

If the truth remains evident, then all else will dissolve.

The rest becomes wasted energy, wasted
judgements, and wasted analysis.

A devotee doesn't need to argue the
existence of their deity.

A devotee doesn't need to promote the
existence of their deity.

A devotee doesn't need to defend the one,
as they know we all find the way.

Distilling dark water into divinity.

By revealing the simple truth of all as one and one as all.

We're uniquely the same and uniquely different.
Minute differences exaggerated to inflate our emotional vulnerabilities.

Weaning off of words.

They're losing their meaning.

That's what we've heard.

Overused, hyperbolic, pass the pink gin minus
the tonic.

Possessed by spirits, to avoid being present.

Arguing with our narrative.

Presence precedes form.

Sometimes it's an overwhelming thought.

Harness the energy of the storm.
Don't be afraid to let go of thoughts.
Radioactive dreams illuminating the source.

The obnoxiously loud city had dulled the senses.
Something always yearning.
Something always turning.
Something always churning.
Mechanisms out of rhythm.
Manically spinning destroying the flow.
So here we lay on Mount Decay.
Far away from the urban dismay.
Waiting for the final day.

There exists an almost perfect state where no pain
and no pleasure can shake my natural buoyancy.
A place where reality alters with every breath.
A place where witnessing the witness allows me to
be free of me.
A place that is placeless.

Slowly cooking in a primordial stew.
Where there's no me and there's no you.
A process of patterns constantly evolving
with distinctive parts.
Where the beginning meets the end and the
end feeds the beginning.

When the inner guide goes idle.
Feels like everything becomes final.
Trials and tribulations, there's enough of them
to corrupt our environment.
We're the change, we're peace, we're love.
No more need for greed and violence.
We can press these words on to a vinyl.

We rise.

We fall.

We recycle.

A new stitch added to the patchwork of space.

Closing and opening.

Opening and closing.

Repeating for unspecified amounts of time.

We rise.

We fall.

We recycle.

A new stitch added to the patchwork of space.

Ash stained stone.

Another signal that a forgotten vice has taken a hold.

Another breath of smoke.

Another own goal.

When we close the heart.
Life becomes lifeless.
It becomes a trillion shades of grey.
It's plain and simple.
Cultivate our own love.
Create an abundant supply.
Before we know it everyone and everything
becomes boundless, limitless, radiant love.

Simple pleasures are fading into chores.
What once thrilled us, now makes us bored.
An existential crisis in the middle of a storm.
The moment waiting to be ceased but it's
already gone.
A chorus of ice resetting us back to our
point of origin.
Here we wait in the womb of the divine.
Here we wait ready to be birthed again.
Here we wait swimming through past lives.
Here we wait to dance this dance again.
Here we wait.

Where was we before we woke.
Where was we before we slept.
Where was we before neither existed.
Walking through the trees and these thoughts
consume me.
Allowing awareness to eat away.
The mind can rarely be satisfied.

The divorce from the source.
Must be the ultimate myth.
For everything has the same origin.

It seemed plain to see before the upgrade but
the upgrade revealed that the eyes could not
see all. When they did the organism gave way
to wonder and psychosis.

In a state of being awake.
They cry for sleep.
In a state of being bliss.
They cry for melodrama.
In a state of fullness.
They cry for emptiness.
Increased signs of dis-ease.
The remedy, peace.

Sunsets.
Moon rises.
Intoxicating illusions!

Maya induced bliss.
Making the wheel seem so attractive.
Until you see it from another perspective

Death came to visit me in the early hours of the morning.

It didn't elicit fear, uncertainty, nor doubt.

What we felt, was the ceasing of I.

There we sat in the divine womb.

Death merging into me, and me, life, merging into death.

In that moment, there was a remembrance that all exists as one and one exists as all.

When we work on self.
We quickly transcend it.
The self/other divide relaxes to its natural
state of oneness.
The myth unravels in spectacular fashion.

When we transcend self into oneness.
We forget the truth of the moment.
The truth of our current incarnation.
We forget that we're in a body.

In the same respect.
When we believe in a separate self.
We forget the truth of the moment.
We forget that we're in a body.

The body in which we experience reality.
Can feel separate and even right now.
The ego may press against these words and
imply that they're lunacy.
Maybe they're correct.
However, it's a hill fitting of a death.
The agenda isn't to awaken or to make you
believe or to persuade you to the findings.
It's simple, the agenda doesn't really exist,
the point however is to remember.
The answers exist inside us all.
When we silence thought.

It may sound simple.
Again it might not.
Right now is all there is.

Lessons repeat until they are learned.
Even once learned, they will arise again to make
sure we've maintained the skill.
Almost all wisdom is reusable if we allow it.

When it all goes quiet.

As quiet as can be.

No thoughts, no internal narrative, no observation.

The nothingness radiates a truth of fullness not emptiness.

When the thoughts return, the internal narrative, and the observations.

Remember their facade but also appreciate their usefulness.

Captivating cosmos
reflects candidly in every thing.
Allowing incredible visions of
possible realities to unfold.
A crystal doughnut with a heart shaped hole.
That's a place to call home.

Rivers to the east.
Rivers to the west.
Rivers at the feet of the bed.
Dreams repeating the same motifs like
inhaling oxygen.
The answers reveal themselves through
architecture.
Through ancestors.
Through a leaf landing on your head.

Melting gravity with a kiss.

Separation, a myth, fuelled by our internal narrative.

Love, a universal hymn with no need for language.

Harmonious chaos.
Infinitely complex.
Waiting to manifest.

Lately I've been watching the playlist of
memories on repeat, a personalised soundtrack of a
life that's still incomplete.

A curse, a gift, an internal rift.

On a raft.

Sink me.

Sink me, quick.

Degenerate.

Protest the idea of the abyss.

Not by clinging.

But, by living.

By loving.

By serving.

From caterpillar to butterfly.
From egg to ash.
Form isn't built to last.
It's built to adapt.

When true love revealed itself.
It became evident in all.
For my eyes, my heart, and my mind weren't
tuned into the right frequency.
They had been trained to judge, to
separate, to label.
Rather than to embrace the truth.
That we're love.

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